

Proving Richie Wrong

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Summary:

Richie pisses Eddie off. Bill comes up with a solution, and a way to make Eddie feel better.

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Author's Note:

You know this isn't even my favorite ship, but for some reason it occurred to me last night that I don't see like any Top!Eddie fics so I was like shit I should write that... and then of course Bottom!Bill is like one of my favorite things right now so tada... thus this madness of a fic was born

Eddie storms through the Denbrough house without a single care how loud he is. Bill's parents aren't here (though even if they were he would have probably been just as loud just to see if they'd acknowledge his or Bill's presence for once). He slams the front door open, marches through the hall, stomps up the stairs, and opens Bill's door so hard that it flies against the walls causing the items on the shelves near to shake. Bill looks up at him from his spot on the bed like he's surprised Eddie's here, and didn't just come storming through his household.

"E-eddie? What's wrong?"

"Richie." He clenches his teeth as he says the name, fist shaking as his sides. Bill doesn't even look surprised.

"What did R-richie do now?"

"What did he do? What did he do? What doesn't he do!" He throws his hands up in a rage, kicks the door shut, and begins pacing around Bill's room as he rants. "I know I shouldn't let what he says get to me, but the asshole knows just what to say to get under my skin and it makes me so mad. Today he kept making short jokes at me, and had the audacity to say I must be a bottom because I'm short!"

"What's wrong w-with being a b-b-bottom?"

"Nothing, but ugh! He can't just assume shit like that, and even when I said I've topped the asshole wouldn't believe me!" He pauses midstride to look at Bill who's watching him slightly confused. "Tell

me Bill, who tops in our relationship.”

“Well, technically we s-ssswitch-“

“Yes, but who usually tops?”

“You do.”

“Exactly!”

“I j-just don’t get why y-you’re so angry about w-w-what R-richie thinks...”

“I’m not I just,” He sighs and runs his hands through his hair. “I couldn’t give a fuck what Richie thinks, but he just knows the right way to get under my skin and I just UGGGHHHH!”

Bill watches him have a little mini rant dance in the middle of his room, before speaking up again.

“I know something w-we can do that will make you happy.” He drops his hands and looks at Bill defeated.

“What?”

“We could p-prove R-richie wr-wrong.”

Eddie stares at Bill uncertain how to respond to that before surging forward and tugging Bill into an aggressive kiss. Nothing about it is cute or innocent. It’s hungry, rough, and bruise inducing. Their lips slide together. Their tongues dance. A soft moan makes its way from the back of Bill’s throat.

Eddie is the first to pull away. He slides his lips along Bills chin, down his neck, and finally holds his shirt collar to the side so he can latch onto Bill’s collar bone. It’s his absolute favorite place to leave his mark, because he knows Bill can hide it from wandering eyes, but Eddie still gets to see the splash of colors peek through whenever Bill fiddles with his shirt collar.

He pulls away long enough for the both of them to lose their shirts.

“Is this okay,” he whispers. Bill gives a needy moan as Eddie latches onto one of his nipples.

“Y-yea.”

There a mess of limbs. Hands gripping and grabbing. Lips marking any open flesh.

Eddie worms his way between Bill’s legs, and has him lift his hips so he can yank his pants and boxers off. Bill shivers at the expose, a flush spreading from his cheeks to his upper chest. Eddie gets hit with the scent of his favorite strawberry soap that Bill owns, and the heavy musky scent that’s all Bill. He grabs at the other boy’s thighs, and presses kisses along Bill’s hips. There’s a slight taste of soap that makes him smile.

“Did you clean yourself for me Big Bill? Get yourself ready for my arrival?”

He looks up to see Bill giving him a sly little smile.

“Well, you s-ssaid you w-were coming over today.”

“Your ridiculous Billy.” He gets up so that he can strip out of his own pants, grabs the bottle of lube and a condom from Bill’s bedside dresser, and drops the bottle onto Bill’s belly before climbing back between his legs. “But you may as well finish what you started.”

Bill seems a little nervous as he pops the cap and pours a generous amount of lube onto his fingers. Especially, when Eddie grabs a hold of his thighs again, and holds his legs open for him. His knees held up near his head, and everything he has being put on display for Eddie’s pleasure.

“E-e-eddie.” He whines. Eddie rubs comforting circles with his thumbs against his thighs.

“Come on Bill, I wanna see you. Let me see you open yourself for me.”

Bill shivers at this and nods. He reaches down and presses the first finger to his entrance. There’s some slight resistance, but he slips the

finger in. Eddie kisses his thighs as he works himself. Watches as the finger moves in and out of Bill's ass before another one is slipped in next to it. By the time he inserts a third Eddie has left dark hickies all over his thighs and bite mark a few inches from his knee. The faster he moves his fingers, the louder he moans, the darker the bruise Eddie seems to leave on his flesh.

"I'm r-r-ready E-e-eddie."

Eddie smirks and gives his thighs one last kiss before tapping Bill on the hips and telling him to roll over. As Bill changes positions he slips the condom on, and moves to position himself behind the taller male.

"Let's prove Richie wrong, shall we?"

Bill smirks back at him, and wiggles his ass in encouragement for Eddie to go for it.

The next day at school Bill arrives with a slight limp, puffy lips, a few visible bruises, and a happy smile on his face. Next to him, almost a full half a foot shorter, Eddie stands looking smug as fuck. Richie looks between the two of them confused.

"How does that even work?"

Eddie rolls his eyes and gives him the finger.

"Like I said Richie, size don't mean shit. Plus, you'd be surprised by the stuff I can do in bed." He gives Bill's ass a hard slap as though to emphasize his point, and then swaggers off with his head held high. The other two watch him go before Richie turns to Bill.

"You got something to add Big Bill?"

Bill shrugs.

"B-before I didn't think I w-would like b-bottoming but... Eddie always m-makes it really en-enjoyable." He gives Richie a little smile before trailing off after his boyfriend.

It takes Richie several minutes to will his erection away before he can

follow after them.